

**W. W. LOGAN,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
WOODSTOCK, VA.  
Practices in all the courts.  
Office, opposite the Post Office  
may 18-19.**ALEXANDER & WUNDER,**  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
WOODSTOCK, VA.  
(Office in Court House yard.)  
Prompt attention to all legal busi-  
ness.**Mr. Alexander** will attend regularly all  
the county and circuit courts of Shenan-  
doah county,  
Feb. 23-24-19.**E. D. NEWMAN,  
WALTON & WALTON,**  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
WOODSTOCK, VA.  
Practice in all the Courts of Shenan-  
doah and adjoining counties, in the Su-  
preme Court of Appeals, and in the Cir-  
cuit and District Courts of the United  
States.  
Special attention to collection of claims.  
Oct. 20-19.**F. S. TAVENNER, J. M. BAUSERMAN,  
TAVENNER & BAUSERMAN,**  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
WOODSTOCK, VA.  
July 21-19.**HOLMES CONRAD, F. W. MAGRUDER,  
CONRAD & MAGRUDER,**  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
WOODSTOCK, VA.  
Nov. 28, 29-19.**J. B. WILLIAMS, W. T. WILLIAMS,  
WILLIAMS & BROTHER,**  
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WOODSTOCK, VA.**DR. J. M. BROWN,**  
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Will attend calls, day or night.  
Office, opposite the Post Office and  
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Special attention to diseases of wo-  
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Office, Main St., Woodstock, Va.  
Chloroform, ether and cocaine used  
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Dec. 26-19.**DR. J. B. RUSH,**  
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TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES,  
Parity of Goods always Guaranteed.  
Physicians' prescriptions carefully  
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MARBLE WORKS,**  
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of Cemetery Work.  
Lowest prices in the Valley. Give me  
a call.  
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## Shenandoah Herald

TIMES!  
In Store.

VOL. 74.

WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 31, 1894.

NO. 27.

## How Different We Would Be!

How different we  
Would all of us be  
Could we know of the future awaiting  
To sever the ties  
That at present comprise  
The life that our hopes are creating!

How many a word  
Would remain unspoken,  
How many a sentence unspoken,  
How many a thought  
Would remain unthought,  
How many a promise unbroken!

How many a heart  
Would find no longer in keeping,  
And hold them no longer in keeping,  
But would gladly express  
The love we repress  
Till the spirit forever is sleeping!

How many an act  
We would now retract,  
How many a selfish emotion  
To joyfully bear  
Vexation and care  
With patience and loving devotion!

How different we  
Would all of us be  
Could we look over the graves of the  
morning,  
Could we look from the light  
To the infinite night,  
From the joy to the infinite sorrow!

—Clifford Howard.

## A QUAKER IN LOVE.

THE little Quaker community  
of Hillsboro had been in-  
vaded by two worldlings that  
summer, which had so dis-  
turbed its wonted quietness that  
Brother Cox had been forced to  
lament more than once, "Alas, that  
this should be! The days of our  
peace have gone."  
Brother Cox felt the trouble  
more than the other members of  
the community, for he knew that  
he was partly responsible for it.  
To think that his nephew, his only  
brother's son, should come out to  
Hillsboro, and in these few short  
months raise such a commotion  
among the people!

But there was a redeeming vir-  
tue in the young man which Brother  
Cox dwelt upon with a feeling of  
relief. Before the sunny face and  
blue eyes of Ella Stratton were  
seen in Hillsboro Jack Cox was as  
quiet and as the most conserva-  
tive Quaker.

Naturally, Brother Cox took a  
personal dislike to the new tenants  
of the deserted cottage on the out-  
skirts of the village, and he could  
scarcely conceal his disapproval of  
the young girl's actions. He felt  
convinced that she was at the  
bottom of all the trouble.

Her snowy dress, pink cheeks,  
blue eyes and rippling laughter  
suggested the world too strong for  
the Quakers to enjoy.

"She belongs to the world,"  
Brother Cox said one day, as he  
passed her. "She has no right out  
here among our peaceful people. It  
will be well for us when she leaves."

They were only summer tenants,  
and consisted simply of Mrs. Strat-  
ton, her daughter, and two ser-  
vants. They did not exhibit much  
wealth or luxury, but to the plain  
Quakers their dress and general ap-  
pearance seemed altogether out of  
propriety.

Then the way Ella laughed, and  
tramped over the fields on foot or  
rode on horseback, shocked the  
good housewives. Jack Cox had  
known the family in the city, and  
he soon joined Ella in these rides  
and walks.

It was from such a simple be-  
gining that the trouble arose. The  
old enticement of woman had led  
the young man astray, and he was  
soon looked upon as being as great  
a sinner as the fair temptress.

The two were practically ostracized  
from the community, and the  
upright Quakers passed them with  
only a nod and simple word of  
greeting. Ella only wondered,  
but Jack shrugged his shoulders.

Brother Cox was inclined to be  
more lenient than the others. His  
fields stretched nearly out to the  
cottage of the Strattons, and he  
would often stop in his work to  
glance at the red house. One day  
he paused in his labors, and looked  
up to discover the bright face of  
Ella Stratton. She was leaning on  
the fence which separated the two  
grounds.

"Don't you get tired of work,  
Mr. Cox?" she asked, in a sweet  
voice. "I do, dreadfully, and you  
are older than I am."

The good Quaker straightened  
himself up to his full six feet. He  
was still a fine-looking man of fifty,  
with gray locks, a calm, noble face  
and dark eyes.

"Work keeps us from mischief,"  
he answered seriously.  
"I know that, and I suppose you  
think I ought to be at work now,  
and not standing here to bother  
you," she replied.

"It would be better for you,"

was the rather unexpected reply.  
The girl's cheek colored a little  
at the ungentle words, but she  
asked, demurely: "Do you think  
I'm so very wicked?"

"Ye are of the world and world-  
ly-minded. I cannot judge thee,  
but thy actions have not my ap-  
proval."

"Oh, what do I do that you don't  
like?" she asked, in a penitent  
voice. "You know that I have  
been brought up so, and how could  
I know what to do?"

"That isn't the question; ye can  
do better now."

"Oh, I would like to do better—  
so much! Will you tell me how?  
I should like so much to have you,  
for I like you."

This was said in so artless  
and innocent a tone that it went  
straight home to the man's heart.  
As he walked away from the place  
five minutes later he recalled the  
look which accompanied the words.  
Such a face, such eyes, mouth and  
expression are not often seen in  
this prosaic world, and Brother  
Cox should be forgiven for thinking  
of them again, and then again. He  
never knew before how pretty and  
winning the "Stratton girl" was.

"It she was only of our belief  
and number," he muttered to him-  
self. "But I might try to make  
her one. She is not yet lost to  
wickedness. She wants to learn.  
I'll teach her."

After that the old hedge proved  
a regular trysting place for the two.  
Ella found plenty of excuses for  
going out to the fields, and Brother  
Cox cultivated the field near that  
fence oftener than elsewhere. The  
weeds persisted in cropping up on  
the west side of the field, and he  
felt bound to keep them under con-  
trol.

One day Ella brought some  
lemonade out to him, carrying it in  
a small silver pitcher. It was some  
of her own manufacture, and the  
day was so warm that it was very  
refreshing.

"Oh, Mr. Cox, I have some  
lemonade for you," she said, as she  
hastened over the field. "I  
hope you like lemonade. I made  
it myself, and you looked so hot  
and tired out here in the sun that  
I had to bring you a drink."

Brother Cox did drink, and  
smacked his lips. It was so kind  
of her to think of him, and while  
he talked he admired her bright  
face and manners.

Could any man look upon such a  
vision of beauty and not feel his  
pulse beat faster? Cold and diti-  
l as the Quaker was there was still  
much vitality of youth in his  
strong frame.

After all, he was only a man,  
and the rights of nature soon  
broke through all barriers of steel.  
He loved the beautiful girl who  
helped him to lemonade.

Was he too old for such a bright  
girl to look upon with favor? He  
had been called the handsomest  
man of the community before he  
married his dead wife, and he was  
sure he still possessed some of the  
requisites of a lover.

He could teach her the ways of  
his sect, and give her a fine home.  
He would gradually draw her  
away from the ways of evil, and  
center her mind upon thoughts of  
love, charity and religion.

"She may be frail now, but the  
sturdy oak was once but a sapling,"  
he said. "She can learn and grow."  
He trod the floor of his old home  
with a lighter and firmer step.  
The bareness of the old fashioned  
room expressed him with a sense  
of dissatisfaction. They would  
have to be refurnished and bright-  
ened. The flowers and vines around  
the house needed cultivat-  
tion and pruning, and even the  
outside of the house would need a  
new coat of paint.

"I've thought of doing this  
before," Brother Cox muttered,  
"and it may be done now."

There were in provisions about  
the yard, the gardens and the  
outbuildings which were readily  
suggested to his critical eye. He  
made notes of these things and  
resolved to make a complete  
transformation.

"She has been brought up in  
the ways of the city and she would  
not like to come to a gloomy house.  
It will be just as well to improve  
things a little at first. She can't  
grow into our ways at once."

The golden harvest of the au-  
tumn was approaching. The crops  
nodded obedience to the reapers on  
every side. The autumn colors  
suggested peace and quietness in  
the Quaker community after the  
turbulent days of the summer.

Brother Cox stood by the hedge  
separating his fields from the

garden surrounding the tenant's  
cottage.

The day's work had been finish-  
ed and the faint shadows suggest-  
ed the approach of twilight. Ella  
Stratton, with a meek, demure face,  
was standing before him.

"I feel that I have become so  
much better this summer," she said.  
"You know why you have been  
so good to me and taught me so  
much."

"You should not say that, for it  
might make me vain. Such a sin  
should not come to one at my age."  
"Why, you are not old, Mr. Cox."

There was a thrill of pleasure in  
the sturdy frame, and it seemed to  
straighten him more erectly than  
ever.

"Then my errand here will be  
made easier for me. Ye know  
that I have come here for a purpose.  
Ye have guessed it?"

"Yes, Mr. Cox, I have," was the  
quick reply, while the face flushed  
beautifully.

This must be the way of the  
world, he thought, for the girl to  
make such advances. It was no  
different in the community.

"I would have spoken to thee  
before, but I wished to know  
thee better. That's why I've spent  
so many hours at this fence talk-  
ing to thee."

"Oh, how kind of you! I wanted  
to know you better, too. I thought  
probably you would dislike me. I  
was so different from you—and  
wicked."

"But ye are learning our ways,  
and ye are apt. Ye can be very  
good, and there is nothing like  
having a protector."

"And such a good protector as I  
shall," she said, with a look of  
admiration at him.

"Ye are kind to say so. The  
Coxes have always been good to  
their wives and families."

"I know that, for they are so  
good to every one now. I love  
them; I believe that I love the  
whole family. I never enjoyed a  
summer so much as this one in  
Hillsboro."

It was graceful for her to say it.  
He felt that she made his wing  
easy.

How remarkable that she had  
divined his feelings all along!

"Then ye think that I will suit  
thee?" he asked, in a voice that was  
almost raucous. "Ye have studied  
me enough at the fence!"

"Yes; I know I shall like you! I  
knew it from the first. Everybody  
thought that you were so cold and  
stern that you couldn't love any  
one, but I knew differently. I liked  
you then, and now I love you."

She kissed his forehead, and im-  
pulsively, her warm lips sending a  
delicious thrill through him.

This was not an old man's court-  
ing, but a young woman's, and,  
though strange to Brother Cox, it  
had a sweetness that drew out any  
thoughts of wrong.

Flushed with his success, he  
felt that he could be prouder, and  
he continued, "Ye know I'm strict  
in my living not approving frail-  
ties and gay life. That should  
repel thee."

"Oh, no! Jack told me all about  
that at first. He said you were  
strict, but that you had a loving  
heart beneath it all. He always  
got along well with you and he  
knew that I would."

Jack, Jack! Had he known of it  
all that he been putting her up  
to this strange wooing, laughing  
in his sleeve at his uncle's senti-  
ment?

The girl continued rapidly, "He  
wanted to speak to you first and  
tell you all. He knew that you  
would disapprove of our match, but  
I told him not to tell you. I would  
first win your friendship and then  
your love. I would meet you every  
day, and if I could make you like  
me by autumn, then he could tell  
you. I didn't know as I could  
marry him if you didn't give  
your consent, but when I found  
how nice and good you were I felt  
that it was all right."

A shadow seemed to settle over  
the landscape. Everything ap-  
peared dark. Night must be ap-  
proaching, and a man's eyes at  
fifty are not quite as good as at  
twenty-five.

Brother Cox heard the voice of  
the girl, but it all seemed so strange.  
He had not thought of Jack.

"Are you going now? Oh, yes,  
it is getting dark! I didn't realize  
that it was so late. I must go back  
to the house, too. The dew is on  
the grass. Good night. Jack and  
I will always love you—always."

He felt the pressure of the warm  
lips on his hand again, but they  
did not send a thrill through him  
as before.

It certainly was dark walking

across the field, and several times  
Brother Cox stopped to find his  
way. It was strange that he should  
get lost in the fields which he had  
tilled and cultivated for forty years.  
When he reached the house he felt  
tired, and he rested on the front  
piazza before entering the large  
dining-room. The painters and  
carpenters had left their tools  
around, reminding him of the im-  
provements he was having made  
in his home. They seemed a mock-  
ery now.

He entered the house and walk-  
ed across the strong floors. Then  
he strolled toward the dining room.  
"Jack, Jack, where are ye? I  
want to see thee. Come here! I  
know all—everything. She has  
told me, and ye have my approval.  
I'm getting the house fixed up, and  
ye must come here and live."

"Is it really true, uncle? You  
are as good as you are handsome,  
uncle. Ella always said you  
were."

"Ye must live here every sum-  
mer, and come and see me as often  
as ye can in winter."

"We will, uncle."—New York  
World.

## INTERESTING ITEMS.

Chicago is to have a hotel with  
6124 rooms.

An ordinary piano contains a  
mile of wire.

Japanese children are taught  
to write with both hands.

An Estonian (Penn.) girl drops  
asleep whenever she gets in the  
brilliant sunlight.

At Coruna, Spain, is the oldest  
lighthouse in the world. It was  
built nearly eighteen hundred years  
ago.

The book of Job, written about  
1520 B. C., describes very accu-  
rately several processes of smelting  
metals.

A gold-weighting machine in the  
Bank of England is so sensitive  
that a postage stamp dropped on  
the scale will turn the index on the  
dial a distance of six inches.

A caterpillar in the course of a  
month will devour 6,000 times its  
own weight in food. It will take  
a man three months to eat an  
amount of food equal to his own  
weight.

Plants often exhibit something  
very much like intelligence. If a  
bucket of water during a dry season  
be placed a few inches from a  
grown pumpkin or melon vine the  
latter will turn from its course, and  
in a day or two will get one of its  
leaves in the water.

A Danish chemist has invented  
a new agent of destruction which  
revolutionizes entirely the present  
modes of warfare. A peculiarly  
constructed gun discharges a cer-  
tain chemical which turns to vapor  
has such an effect on the rifle's  
muscles that the enemy breaks into  
loud laughter. The rifle is so  
violent that the soldiers are unable  
to handle their weapons and fall  
easy victims to their antagonists.

The *Courier Journal* tells of a  
young lady in Louisville who had  
a lion on her knee, and it was so  
painful that it was determined to  
call in a certain physician that  
passed the house every day. So  
they watched and waited, and  
when they saw him, he was called  
in. The young lady modestly  
showed him the "jewel" on her  
knee, and the man said, "Way  
that's pretty bad; you should call  
a doctor."

"Aren't you a doctor?"  
said the lady in dismay. "No,"  
said he, "I am a piano tuner."

Then the young lady was greatly  
embarrassed, but it was a power-  
ful good joke.

Young Wife (in tears)—O  
Gerald! What do you think? The  
canary has gone to laying eggs!

Unfeeling Husband—I don't see  
anything heart-breaking in that,  
Elsie. It's a perfectly proper  
thing for a canary to do.

Young Wife—Yes, but I've  
always called it Bert!

Unfeeling Husband—Well, you  
can call it Ben Hor now.

Mother—How comes it that your  
shirt is wrong side out and one  
stocking missing? Have you been  
swimming?

Son—Well, mother, if you're  
going to be an investigating com-  
mittee, I simply can't remember  
anything about it.

Mamma—If you eat any more  
of that pudding, Tommy, you'll  
see the bogie-man tonight.

Tommy (after a moment's  
thought)—Well, give me some  
more. I might as well settle that  
story once for all.

## A Vain Search.

It waited into a saloon and  
bowed a lady to the bartender.

"My friend," he said, with a  
wave of his hand, "I suppose if I  
asked you to give me a dollar you'd  
tell me you'd see me farther first."

"That's just about right," was  
the brief response.

"I further take it that if I should  
order a drink, and after receiving  
it fail to pay, you would about  
break me in two?"

"Certainly," responded the bar-  
tender cheerfully.

"Ah, I imagine, too, that if I pro-  
ceeded to your lunch counter and  
toyed with the eatables for a time  
you would have me kicked into the  
middle of next week."

"That's what I would," the bar-  
tender confidently replied.

"Well, I thought so. You see,  
I'm writing a realistic novel, and  
I'm making a personal study of the  
philanthropist who is to figure in  
it, but you won't do, my friend,  
you won't do."

And so saying, and with a sad  
shake of the head, the gentle  
stranger again was told him, this  
time into the bosom of the night.  
New York Recorder.

## THE SOUTHERN CROSS

THE EMBLEM GOD MADE WITH FOUR  
WORLDS IN THE HEAVENS.

Dr. Talmage's Beautiful Description of the  
Celestial Crucifix—Grand Work Done by  
Missionaries in the South Sea Islands.  
Heroes and Heroines.

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1894.]  
STEAMSHIP ALAMIDA, Midway, July  
10.—There are some things in the mind  
after year remaining undefined.  
The time for explanation does not  
seem to come. We had for years seen al-  
lusions to the southern cross. We knew  
not what it meant. We supposed it to  
be an appearance in the heavens at cer-  
tain latitude and longitude, yet we  
knew not exactly what that appearance  
was. But, seated a few nights ago on  
the deck of this ship on our voyage  
around the world, a gentleman bent  
over me and said: "The southern cross  
is visible. Let us go and see it." Going  
to the opposite side of the ship, I looked  
up and beheld in all its suggestive-  
ness the horizon down upon us and looking  
down upon the sea. The southern cross!

It is made up of four bright stars. One  
star standing at the top of the perpen-  
dicular piece of the cross, and another  
star standing for the foot of it. One  
star standing for the right hand end of  
the horizontal piece of the cross and  
another star for the left hand end of it.  
So clear, so resplendent, so charged with  
significance, so sublimely marking off  
the heavens that neither man nor woman  
nor child nor angel nor devil can  
doubt it. The southern cross! To make  
it God put those four worlds in their  
places. The tender and tremendous  
memories of our religion, the grand con-  
trasts that have turned the islands  
between with silver nails of star. Four  
are enough.

God wastes no worlds. He will not  
encourage stupidity. If you cannot  
see the southern cross in the four  
stars, 40 stars will not make you see  
it. Up yonder they stand, the four  
stars, and the foot of the cross, and  
the horizontal piece of the cross, and  
the vertical piece of the cross. What a  
gospel of light and truth! The world  
with the words, "Fly this conquer,"  
was an evanescent cross for one  
night, but this southern cross is for all  
nights, and to last while creation lasts.  
So every night of this voyage around  
the islands of the Pacific I am reminded  
of this celestial crucifix of the only in-  
finitely great God, the only true God,  
the only God who has turned the islands  
between with silver nails of star. Four  
are enough.

So the southern cross, so charged with  
significance, so sublimely marking off  
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the heavens that neither man nor woman  
nor child nor angel nor devil can  
doubt it. The southern cross! To make  
it God put those four worlds in their  
places. The tender and tremendous  
memories of our religion, the grand con-  
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